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THE GOLDEN WEB

By
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Author of
"Passers-By," "The Kingdom of Earth," "The Distributers," &c.

CHAPTER II (Continued.)

She rose to her feet with a little sigh. "You are mistaking me for some one else, Mr. Deane," she said.

He crossed the room and fetched his hat and gloves from a cupboard. He glanced into a looking glass for a moment to straighten his tie, and met the girl's eyes fixed upon him. He stood quite still, watching. She was looking at him, at his back, as he stood there. There was expression in her face at last, an expression which puzzled him, which he failed altogether to understand. He stood quite still, with his fingers still upon the sailor knot of his tie. As though she realized the possibilities of the mirror, she suddenly turned around. When he came toward her, the mask, if it was a mask, was there once more.

"If you will come with me," said he, "I should be glad to go and see your brother."

They passed through the offices side by side. Many curious eyes followed them. Deane paused at one or two of the desks to leave a few parting instructions. Then he handed the girl into the electric brougham which was waiting at the door.

"The Grand Hotel," he told the man.

He got in and seated himself by her side. "Miss Rowan," he said, "you are beginning to interest me exceedingly."

"I am sure that you cannot be in earnest," she answered, without turning her head. "I am a most uninteresting person, living a most uninteresting life."

"I think you said that you were a typist," he remarked.

"I am," she answered. "I am employed by Messrs. Rubicon & Moore, in St. Mary's Passage. I have been there for three years."

"With occasional holidays," he remarked, with a smile.

She shook her head. "The only holiday I have taken," she answered, "was when I came to see you."

He deliberately leaned forward to look into her face. The memory of that moment when he had held her in his arms, the breaking of the storm, the thrill, the wonderful, unanalyzed excitement which seemed to play about them like the lightning which was soon to flash across the sea and land, came back to him. He looked deliberately into her face—still as the grave—at the large eyes, which were listlessly fixed upon the streaming people.

"You are the most amazing person!" he said softly. "Perhaps, as you were never at the Hotel Universal, you were never in Rakney? Perhaps it was not you who came to me with the storm, who tapped at my window, who stood there like the daughter of the storm itself, who——"

"It was I who came to Rakney," she said. "You know that very well, Mr. Deane. Neither have I forgotten it. But I think that you should not remind me just now of that."

Of course she was right, but Deane felt a little unhinged. Her invulnerability was maddening. "Perhaps not," he answered. "Perhaps I have no right to remind you of that night, of the time when you crept in from the storm, crept into my arms."

She turned her head slightly away, as though interested in the passing throng. No flush of color tinged her cheeks. Her straight, firm lips never trembled. He tried to take her hand—small it was, and encased in old, neatly-mended gloves. She drew it quietly but firmly away. She remained silent.

"Perhaps I have no right," he continued, "to remind you of these things, but neither have you the right to deny our later meeting. You are playing some sort of a game with me," he continued, a little roughly, "and your methods, whatever they may be, include a lie. Therefore, I myself take license."

"If you have quite finished, Mr. Deane," she said, "I should be glad. My visit to you, and all the circumstances connected with it, is one of the things which I wish to forget."

"To relegate to the same place in your memory," he remarked, "as your brief essay in the role of a chambermaid."

She leaned out of the window. "Here we are," she remarked. "I am anxious about my brother. Please hurry."

CHAPTER III.

A Painful Interview.

ROWAN sat still in his corner, and although the hotel could not be called fashionable—perhaps, in these later days, scarcely luxurious—the little ebb and flow of life upon which he looked seemed tinged with a peculiar bitterness. His hollow eyes followed each group of these men and women, so full of vivacity, of happiness, of affairs. The envy in his heart was like a real and passionate thing. It was an envy scarcely founded upon comparisons. For them was life—for him was none! In front of him always was that ghastly, unchanging verdict: a month—two at the most—thirty days of ill-health, of suffering, of weakness, and after that—what? He caught his breath with a little shudder, and calling a passing waiter, ordered some brandy. He looked around and longed to find someone to speak to, someone to occupy his attention for a single moment, to stop the flow of gruesome fancies which seemed always biting their way into his brain. He had faced death readily enough in those old days, when Deane and he had ridden side by side, and the bullets had whizzed around them like rain, and the dead men lay in heaps. But this was different! The blood ran warm in their veins then, their hearts were strong. He had no strength now to battle with these fancies, no strength to do anything but cower before the slowly coming, grisly shadow of his fate. He looked continually at the door, longing always for the return of his sister and the coming of Deane. Even the prison hospital was better than this.

A girl passed by, young and beautiful, carrying in her arms a little dog. She threw a compassionate glance at Rowan, and he felt the sweat break out upon his forehead. It was too awful, this! He was rising to his feet even as Deane and his sister entered the lounge. He moved toward them with uncertain footsteps.

"We must have a sitting-room," he said. "I cannot face these people. I am beginning to feel a coward."

Deane went to the office, and very soon they found themselves upon the third floor, in an apartment overlooking Northumberland Avenue, gorgeous with plush and gilt mirrors, stiffly arranged chairs, an ornate chiffonier. Rowan, who had come up in the lift muttering to himself, but obviously anxious for silence from his two companions, threw himself, almost as the door closed, upon the hard couch.

"I am broken!" he cried out. "I am broken!"

Winifred sank on her knees by his side, her arms went round his neck. Deane turned away and walked to the window a little awkwardly. Somehow he felt that it would be taking a mean advantage if he should look into her face, though all the time he was longing to see if her eyes had really softened, if those lips were really trembling a little, lips that were pressed to her brother's forehead.

"Basil," she whispered, "you mustn't! Bear up, please. Mr. Deane is here. He has come with me. Sit up and talk to him."

Rowan pulled himself together. He sat up, and Deane, obeying a gesture from her, crossed the room once more.

"Rowan," he said, "I am very sorry to see you like this."

"It's my first day out," Rowan answered. "It's a little trying, you know, especially when the end is so near. I wanted just a few words with you, Deane. It is good of you to come."

Deane nodded. "I only wish there was something I could do," he said.

"There is nothing," answered Rowan. The girl turned away. "When you want me, Basil," she said softly, "I shall be in the next room."

"You might have some brandy brought up," he said. "I must talk for a few minutes, and I am not feeling very strong."

"I will ring the bell in the other room," she said, "and order it."

She disappeared through the connecting door. Deane, who had found himself watching her slow, even progress, turned once more to the man who sat by his side.

"I never thought I'd see you again," Rowan commenced. "I did my best, Deane. I made friends with Sinclair all right—he was glad enough to have anyone to drink with—and before long he began to tell me about his claim to the Little Anna Mine."

"Did he believe in it?" asked Deane.

"Absolutely," Rowan answered. "I am quite sure of that. He absolutely believed that directly he put it into the hands of any solicitor, you would have to come to him and buy, even though it cost you half your fortune. He was waiting those few days to see if you came."

Deane nodded. "Tell me how it happened," he said.

"It was like this," Rowan continued, speaking hoarsely, and with difficulty, "that night he wasn't quite so drunk. I pressed him a little too closely about his claim, and where he kept the paper. He was suddenly suspicious and quarrelsome. He tried to turn me out, and when I wanted to soothe him down, he struck me. He was a strong man and I was weak. I think that he meant to murder me. I remember I was half on the floor. My forehead was bleeding already, and he was coming toward me, shrieking with rage. 'I am going to finish you!' he called out. Then I struck, hoping only to stun him, and, as you know, the blow killed him. I forgot for a moment about the paper. I thought only about making my escape. I had bad luck, and I did not succeed. I am afraid it was a bungling sort of job, Deane."

"I am very sorry indeed," Deane said, "that I ever suggested it to you."

"It wasn't your fault," Rowan answered. "Nothing of this sort would have happened if he hadn't come for me. I meant to rob him if I could—I'll admit that—but no more. You see it was useless for me to try and open negotiations. He was too confident altogether. He spoke of a million pounds as his price. Tell me," he went on, "how do things stand now? Who has possession of the paper?"

Deane hesitated for a moment. "I do not know."

Rowan's face fell. He seemed disappointed. "I had an idea," he said slowly, "that you might have made some attempt to recover it. Everything was left in the room at the hotel for some time. It was easily done."

"I did make an attempt," Deane said slowly. "I have searched the room for that paper, but failed to find it."

"You yourself?" Rowan asked eagerly.

"Yes! I heard that there was a claimant coming for Sinclair's effects, and that they were going to be removed to Scotland Yard. I took a room at the hotel, and I got hold of a key. I went through everything the man had."

"It was in the breast pocket of his gray coat, underneath the lining," Rowan gasped.

"I found the place," Deane answered, "but it was empty."

Rowan wiped the sweat from his forehead. His breathing was becoming difficult. Already the excitement was affecting him. "But it was there on that night!" he exclaimed. "He took off his coat a few minutes before, and I saw him feel it in the lining."

"All I can tell you," Deane answered, "is that the lining of the gray coat was torn, as though something had been abstracted. The paper was not there. It was not anywhere in the room. I ran a risk," he continued, after a moment's pause, "which I dare not think of, even now, but it was in vain. Someone had been before me!"

"Was there anyone else upon the scent, then?" Rowan asked.

"Can you think of anyone?" Deane asked.

Rowan looked at him with distended eyes. "You don't mean to insinuate," he began, "that I—that I had given it away?"

"Not willfully," answered Deane. "Is there anyone at all to whom you spoke of this?"

Rowan shook his head. "Only to my sister," he said, "and she is as silent as the grave."

"Nevertheless," Deane said, "the paper has gone. Someone has it—is holding it now—for a purpose, I suppose. There can be but one purpose. Perhaps," he added, "you had better ask your sister, to be quite sure whether she ever mentioned its existence to anyone."

"We will ask her at once!" Rowan exclaimed. "I will ask her before you. Let me get up. Help me. I will fetch her."

Deane stretched out his hand. "No!" he said. "You must not excite yourself, Rowan. I will knock at the door and call your sister."

Rowan lay back, gasping. Deane crossed the room and knocked at the door which led to the inner apartment.

"Miss Rowan," he said

She opened the door almost immediately. "Yes?"

Deane stood aside. "Your brother," he said, "has a question to ask you!"

CHAPTER IV.

A Question.

WINIFRED came slowly into the room. It seemed to Deane, watching her curiously, that she had been steeling herself to defiance. There was no change in her expression, and her lips seemed tighter drawn than ever. She went at once to her brother's side.

"You have been talking too much, Basil," she said. "You know that it is not good for you."

He leaned across to the little table which stood by his side and helped himself to brandy. He was indeed looking terribly ill. The lines under his eyes seemed traced with a coal-black pencil, and his hand shook so that half the brandy was spilled.

"Winifred," he said, "I must ask you a question. You remember that I spoke to you of a document—Sinclair had it. I was trying to deal with him, trying to get it back for Mr. Deane here."

"Yes," she answered calmly, "I remember your speaking of it."

"We have reason to believe," he continued, gasping a little—"reason to believe that it has been stolen. Mr. Deane wants to know whether at any time you have mentioned its existence to anyone."

She looked at Deane and back at her brother. Her face was unchanged. "No!" she said. "I have mentioned it to no one."

"You see," her brother continued, "it's like this. No one but I knew of that paper. Deane here told me, and I told no one except you. And yet we have evidence, we know that it has been stolen from Sinclair's room since his death. That is why we want you to be quite sure that you did not mention its existence to anyone."

"No mention of it has crossed my lips," she answered. "I have no friends, no confidants. I have spoken to no one about it. Nothing in the world," she continued, "would be more improbable than that I should have done so."

He turned to Deane, who stood by with impassive face. "You hear?" he exclaimed. "You hear? I was quite sure about Winifred. She doesn't go talking about. She's no gossip, are you, Winifred?"

"I hope not," she answered.

"I have no reason, I am sure," Deane said slowly, "to doubt Miss Rowan's discretion."

She raised her eyes for a moment, and met his. The faint satire in his tone was intentionally provocative, but it failed to move her. Her regard of him was entirely impersonal. He looked away with a light shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, Rowan," he said, "it seems there is nothing further to be done. If the paper does turn up," he added, "I shall know how to deal with its holder. In the meantime, about yourself."

Rowan laughed a little hysterically. "About myself," he repeated. "That's a fruitful subject, isn't it?"

"Doctors make mistakes sometimes," Deane said. "Let us hope that they may have made one in your case. Anyhow, there is no reason why you should not be comfortable, and have the best medical advice. Go wherever you think best, and send me your address. I shall not forget that your accident took place when you were engaged upon my affairs."

"You are very good, Deane," Rowan said.

The girl looked up. "Mr. Deane's kindness is quite unnecessary," she said. "We are in no want of money."

"Your sister does not quite understand," Deane said, turning to him. "We have been through too many rough times in Africa together to stand upon ceremony now. You will perhaps be able to explain to her later on."

He took up his hat and turned toward the door. "I shall expect to hear from you," he said, "as soon as you have decided where to go—either from you, Rowan," he added, shaking hands with him, "or from your sister."

"You are very kind, Deane," Rowan said. "I am sorry I have made such a mess of things."

"It was not your fault," Deane answered. "Good day, Miss Rowan!"

She looked at him for a moment, but she did not offer to take his outstretched hand. He smiled, and withdrew it at once.

"Good day, Mr. Deane!" she said.

The door closed behind him. Rowan was watching his sister anxiously. "Winifred," he said, "what is the matter with you? You were scarcely civil to Mr. Deane."

"Oh! I think I was," she answered. "In any case, we don't want to take alms from him, do we?"

"It isn't exactly that," Rowan objected.

"It is."

"He can afford it," Rowan declared. "He is very rich. A thousand pounds to him is like sixpence to us."

"It doesn't alter facts," she rejoined. "I do not like Mr. Deane, Basil. It is through him that this trouble has come upon us. You have taken enough of his money."

"And when I am gone?" he asked. "What about you then?"

"Have I ever failed to make my own way?" she asked quietly. "I shall be safe enough, Basil."

He commenced to cough, and very soon further speech was impossible. He was painfully exhausted. She sat by his side until he went off to sleep. Of his hopeless state there could no longer be any doubt. He was wasted almost to a shadow. Even in sleep his breath came heavily, and a fever seemed upon him. She stole softly from his side, and stood for a few minutes at the window, looking out. Below, the pulse of the great world was beating with the same maddening regularity. The stream of wayfarers swept on, the roar of traffic was as inevitable as the waves of the sea. She stood by the window with small, clenched hands. Behind her, his loud breathing seemed to beat out the time toward death.

Deane himself was one of those wayfarers, but at least his thoughts, as he was being whirled eastward in his brougham, were fixed upon the tragedy which he had left behind him. He knew very well that it was not a question of months but of days with Basil Rowan. Was it only for that that the girl was waiting? Her whole attitude toward him had about it a certain flavor of mystery which oppressed him. It was like trying to face an enemy hidden in a darkened room, listening for him footstep, not knowing whence the blow might fall. Notwithstanding the warm sunshine, he shivered a little as he descended from the carriage and entered his offices.

CHAPTER V.

Mutual Information.

THE girl was sitting in the middle of a hard horsehair sofa, her elbows upon her knees, her head resting in her hands. She looked across the dreary apartment and out of the ill-cleaded windows, with dull, despairing eyes. This, then, was to be the end of her dreams. She must go back to the life which she felt to be intolerable, or she must throw herself headlong into the maelstrom.

There was one other occupant of the room, and, curiously enough, his attitude appeared to be a somewhat similar one. He was a short, thick-set young man, with brown mustache, flashily dressed, with a red tie, an imitation diamond, and soiled linen to further disfigure an appearance at no time particularly prepossessing. He was standing with his legs a little apart, looking out into the uninspiring street. His hands were thrust deep down into the pockets of his trousers. He had all the appearance of a man who finds the burden of life an unwelcome thing. Presently he began to whistle, not cheerfully, but some doleful air of sentimental import. The girl upon the couch seemed irritated. She herself was in the last stage of dejection, and the sound grew maddening.

"Oh, don't do that, please!" she exclaimed at last.

He turned around in amazement, for the first time realizing that he was not alone. "I beg your pardon," he said.

The girl remembered that he was a stranger to her, but after all, what did it matter? "I asked you to stop whistling," she said.

He answered "Certainly!" and continued to look at her. She returned his gaze with a disapprobation which she scarcely attempted to conceal.

"Sort of habit I get into," he explained, "when I'm in the dumps."

"Does it do you any good?" she asked. "If so, I'll learn how to whistle myself."

"Meaning," he hemarked, "that we are companions in—dumpiness?"

She shrugged her shoulders, but did not trouble to reply.

"I wish to God," he exclaimed, "I'd never left Cape Town!"

Then for the first time she looked at him with a gleam of interest, and asked, "Do you come from South Africa?"

He nodded. "I did, and I only wish I were back there. I could always keep my head above water there, but London is a rotten hole. I suppose it's because I don't know the runs," he added meditatively. "Anyhow, it's broke me."

She continued the conversation without feeling the slightest interest in it, but simply because it was an escape—a temporary escape—from her thoughts. "What did you come over for?" she asked.

"A fool's errand!" he answered. "I lent a man some money—a sort of speculation it was—and I came over to see how he was getting on."

"And I suppose he'd lost it," she remarked.

"He's lost himself," answered the man, "which is about as bad. I wish I could lay my hands upon him. I'd get a bit of my own back, one way or another."

"London is a big place," she returned. "People are not easy to find unless you know all about them."

"This man left South Africa only a month or so ago. He gave me an address here where he said I should always hear of him. I've been there nearly every day. He turned up there all right regularly after he first landed. He hasn't been there at all for two months, and they haven't the least idea where he is."

"You don't even know," she asked, "whether the speculation is successful or not?"

He shook his head gloomily. "It don't make much odds, so far as I can see," he said. "If it came off, he's bolted with the profits. If it didn't, he's hiding for fear I shall want my money back again. It's a rotten sort of show, anyway."

"What was his name?" she asked idly.

"His real name," the man answered, "was the same as your own—that is," he added, "I think I heard old Mrs. Towsley call you Miss Sinclair, didn't I?"

She looked at him steadily for several moments without speaking. He was not a person of quick apprehensions, but even he could not fail to see the change in her face. Her lips were parted, her eyes were suddenly lit with an almost passionate fire. The change in her features was illuminating. She was no longer a tired, depressed-looking young woman of ill-tempered appearance. Her good looks had reasserted themselves. Life seemed to have been breathed into her pulses.

"His real name was Sinclair," she repeated softly. "He came from South Africa. Tell me some more about him?"

"Why?" he asked bluntly.

"Because," she told him, "my name is Ruby Sinclair, and I am here on very much the same errand as you, only with this difference," she added—"I know where my uncle is. I know what has become of him. There are other things for which I seek."

He came over from the window, and stood on the hearthrug by her side. Some part of her excitement had become communicated to him. "I say," he exclaimed, "this is a rum go, and no mistake! If it's the same man, we may be able to help one another. It's Richard Sinclair I am looking for, called over there Bully Sinclair. He was a man about fifty years old, been in South Africa for the last twenty years, a mine prospector and general adventurer. He'd had his fingers in a good many pies, had Richard."

"What was he over in England for?" she asked.

The young man hesitated. "I don't know that there's any harm in telling you," he said, "only remember its information for information. I'm giving you the whole show away."

"I'll tell you all you want to know," she interrupted. "Go on."

"Well," the young man said, "he came over to lay claim to a gold mine that he considered he'd been done out of."

"A gold mine!" the girl repeated breathlessly. "Was it a rich one—very rich, I mean?"

"I should say so," the young man answered. "It was a complicated bit of business—the mine's in other hands, you see—but Sinclair reckoned that he'd got a claim to it, anyway, and he expected either to be squared for a big amount, or to get a syndicate to take the thing up. He came to me dead on his uppers. My name's Hefferon. He and I had been pretty thick at odd times, and though we'd been in a good many deals together, we'd kept friends in a way. He came to me, as I say, in Cape Town, and he told me what the game was. He wanted a matter of two or three hundred pounds to get over to this side, and to start things properly. Well, I thought it out, and though it was about all I was worth in the world, I let him have it. Over he comes. I got a letter from him to say he'd landed, and never another line. I cabled—no answer. Over I came myself, for he'd scarcely left Capt Town before a little affair that I was mixed up in went plum wrong, and I lost every penny I'd got left. So over here I come, and I've been here a fortnight, and I tell you Sinclair seems to have vanished from the face of the earth. The worst of it is," he continued, "I'm stoney-broke. I've got to leave this place to-day because I can't pay my bill, and I've no idea where to raise a sovereign."

The girl's sense of humor triumphed for a second over her excitement. "There are your diamonds," she reminded. "I heard you talking about them at dinner the other night. One of them you said was worth a hundred pounds."

"A bluff," he answered readily. "They are false, every one of them. I talked like that to get old mother Towsley to let my account go on a bit, but she wasn't having any. Now, I say, I've told you my story. Tell me why you are so keen on knowing about it."

"Yes," she said, "I will tell you. My name is Ruby Sinclair, and I am the niece of the man whom you have come to England to find."

He made use of an oath for which he forgot even to apologize. "You know where he is!" he exclaimed. "Come, remember it was a fair bargain. Information for information!"

"He is dead!"

The young man staggered back. His first emotion of shocked surprise lasted only a few seconds. Anger and disappointment took its place. "Dead?" he exclaimed. "And my money—what about that? What he left belongs to me, anyway. It's got to be made up. I can show you his note for it."

"You had better wait," she answered coldly, "until I have told you everything. I suppose you don't read the papers?"

"Never," he answered. "What good are they to me?"

"They might have been of some use on the present occasion," she answered. "They might at any rate have saved you from wasting a good deal of time. My uncle was murdered in the Hotel Universal by a man named Rowan."

The young man swore again—fluently, volubly—swore until he had come to the end of a varied and extensive vocabulary. When he had finished, there was an excited flush in his cheeks and a bright light in his eyes. "By Rowan—Basil Rowan?" he exclaimed. "He was one of us out there when we were prospecting up the Newey Valley. Look here," he continued, "you and I have got to have this out. Murdered, was he? Well, I'm the man that may be able to throw some light upon that. What's happened to Rowan? Had he anything to say?"

"I will tell you all that I know," the girl answered. "My uncle wrote me directly he arrived in England. He told me that he had been fortunate in Africa, that he had come to take possession of a large fortune, and that he would be sending for me in a very short time to live with him, and that, as he had no other relative, I should be rich all my days. I replied, of course, asking whether I could not come at once. He wrote me again to tell me to wait for a day or two, until his affairs were settled. Then I heard no more. I waited. I wrote again. I waited, and wrote again. There was no reply. I found afterward that my letters had never even been called for at the address where he told me to write. Then one day a stranger who was staying at Rakney told my uncle there to look at the papers. We found the story of his murder. He had been dead some time."

"Rowan was tried, I suppose?" the man asked. "Did he say what his motive was? Has he been hanged?"

"He insisted upon it that it was a quarrel," the girl said. "I do not believe him. He was found guilty and reprieved. I saw in the papers last night that he had been released. I believe that he has only a few days to live."

"And you?" the young man asked.

"I came up," the girl said slowly, "to take possession of my uncle's effects."

"Have you got them?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes!" the girl answered.

"There were papers?" he demanded.

"Some," she answered, "but none of any importance."

He looked at her suspiciously. She shrugged her shoulders. "Look here," she said, "I am telling you the truth. Look at me, look at my gloves—mended half a dozen times. Look at my clothes, just hanging on my back and no more. If there had been a single thing amongst my uncle's papers on which I could have raised even a five-pound note, do you think that I should be sitting here like this, wondering which might be the quickest way out of the world?"

The young man moistened his lips. He was obviously in a state of excitement. "Listen," he said, "among these papers was there a sort of deed on yellow parchment paper, roughly written, with a government stamp in the left-hand corner," a paper which spoke of a gold mine called the Little Anna Gold Mine?"

She shook her head decidedly. "There was nothing of the sort."

Then the young man swore again, and this time he seemed to surpass himself. "Your uncle was robbed!" he exclaimed—"robbed of that paper! I tell you," he added, "he was murdered for it, and for no other reason!"

"How do you know?" the girl cried.

"Why, it's as simple as A B C," he explained. "He had the paper in his possession when he came to England. The mine has been claimed by a great syndicate who are working it now. He came to see them, to make terms. The next thing we hear is that he is murdered and the paper is gone. They thought that no one else knew of it. Young lady," he exclaimed, "you may thank your stars, as I do, that you and me have come together. We'll have justice, and we'll have that fortune yet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

A Tough Proposition.

From Judge.

A man who was dining in a village hotel gazed at the second course for a moment, and then asked the waiter,

"What is this leathery stuff?"

"That is a fillet of sole, sir," replied the waiter.

"Well, you may take it away," said the diner, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't get me a nice, tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

GUESTS TO FLY TO WEDDING.

DOROTHY TAYLOR AND GRAHAME-WHITE.

Paris, June 14.—When Miss Dorothy Taylor, the beautiful New York society girl, is married to Claude Grahame-White, the famous English aviator, at her little Widford church in Chelmsford, Essex, England, some of the guests, noted airmen, will descend from the skies in flying machines to attend the ceremony. Sopwith, Hammel, and Valentine are among the aviators who have arranged to go to the wedding in aeroplanes. Each will carry at least one passenger with him, and when the flock of aircraft alights in front of the country church, a new fashion for society weddings will have been tried, if not established.

BLEEDING AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES

(Contributed by the Medical Society, D. C.)

Hemorrhages may be classified in two divisions, concealed or internal, and those which are visible, as when the blood can be seen by the patient. This article will refer to the latter and does not include hemorrhages due to wounds or accidents.

Many of the symptoms of disease are masked and indefinite, but visible hemorrhage is always important if not dangerous, and a sign of a definite or positively abnormal condition. This is not to be understood as saying that all hemorrhages are in themselves dangerous, for many persons who overlook the true meaning of the symptoms, for in fact, hemorrhage is a symptom only in the early stages of many diseases. It has been a common remark that the loss of more or less blood by certain individuals is attended with great benefit. This is perhaps true in certain instances as when the brain is congested, or possibly in the first stage of pneumonia or other pulmonary diseases. But this does not convince us that any case of hemorrhage should be allowed to continue or be repeated without its cause being investigated. Hemorrhage is a common cause of alarm, and often of unnecessary anxiety, and yet we are compelled to say that, however alarming, an early or slight hemorrhage is often of great value, because the patient is warned and seeks competent advice. Many of the slight hemorrhages are readily cured and without pain or discomfort to the patient.

But we cannot too strongly insist that our patients should promptly inform us of either unnatural, unusual, or excessive loss of blood. With the aid of instruments for careful study and inspection of nearly every part of the body and the ability to make blood examinations, it is the rule to ascertain and to know certainly what a hemorrhage means. This is particularly true of cancer and the malignant diseases.

Only by very rigid inspection and early investigation of the malignant diseases can they be cured by any means known at the present time. Hemorrhage at or near the middle period of life in women is perhaps the most serious, as it is the most misunderstood and neglected of any other. It may be so slight as scarcely to attract attention of the patient at first, but later on may become profuse. It will not be lightly regarded by the experienced physician, however, and every case of the kind merits most careful investigation, rather than to wait for the possible cure by remedies which may be given quite by chance and without really knowing the cause of the loss of blood. Remedies are of value when given wisely, but should not be given until the true nature of the disease is known.

QUEEN MARY'S $30,000 VEIL.

London letter in the Rocky Mountain News.

The veil worn by Queen Mary at the durbar cost $30,000, was six months in the making, and required sixty women to execute its wonderful workmanship.

If stretched on poles, it would make a tent large enough to house four soldiers supplied with every camp need. It is the most magnificent veil ever worn by any British Queen in India, and shows what wonderful lace making is being done by the Irish peasants. It is hard to say which was more splendid, the wonderful jewels worn by the princes of India or the magnificent train worn by the Queen Empress.

When the costume of the Queen which was to be worn at the Indian durbar was being discussed, it was suggested by her majesty that she wear the same veil and dress she had worn at the English coronation. She would not listen to any unnecessary extravagance for this important coronation.

The women at court assured her that if this durbar was as magnificent as those that had preceded it, she would need handsomer coronation robes than she had worn in England.

She compromised by allowing them to order her a new coronation train, with the understanding that she be allowed to wear the same dress. The train certainly made up for a new gown. It was an order given to the most skilled lace makers of Belfast. Sixty skilled needleworkers labored more than six months to make this magnificent piece of lace. The veil was designed by the best designer in Belfast, and only the most skilled were allowed to work on this masterpiece. The veil is about twelve yards long, and was a gift from the wealthiest and highest born women in Ireland to their Queen. Nobody knows exactly what the train cost, but $30,000 would be a fair estimate.

The veil is a rose design, the exquisitely fine roses being surrounded with garlands of buds and leaves. The finest part of the work was done with the needle and the heavier background with the bobbins. Much of the work was so fine it had to be worked with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Though made in small pieces, it was so carefully put together the work looks like a single piece. When the women of Belfast gave this magnificent piece to the Queen, she remarked:

"This is too splendid even for the Queen of Eng[illegible]"